A

# TREATISE

ON THE

# DISMAL EFFECTS

OF

# *Low Spiritedneſs.*

In which is contained,

Many Uſeful HINTS for preventing that Diſagreeable and Deſtructive DISORDER from taking Root in the Human Syſtem; as well as for Eradicating it, where it has gained any Aſcendancy.

LIBRARY.

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*——Why do I yield to that Suggeſtion*
*Whoſe horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,*
*And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribs,*
*Againſt the Uſe of Nature?— Preſent Feats*
*Are leſs than horrible Imaginings.*
*——————Function*
*Is ſmother'd in Surmiſe, and nothing is,*
*But what is not.* SHAKESPEAR.

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# INTRODUCTION.

HOW unhappy, how miſerable, are Mankind above all other created Beings, of which we have any Knowledge! By our Make as Men, by the Laws of that Syſtem of which we are a Part, we are ſubject to many and various Evils, both natural and moral. Hopes, Fears, Diſappointments, Diſeaſes, Caſualties, and Death, are the ſure, the inevitable Portion, of all the Sons of Adam. Theſe, and all the various Forms into which they are diverſyfied, we enjoy in common with the reſt of the Creation, that are ſubject to the Laws of the Animal Œconomy. But there is a Claſs of Evils peculiar to ourſelves, much more numerous, and in their Effects much more fatal, which ſour the ſmall Portion of Felicity that Nature has allotted us on this Side the Grave, to which all others are meer Strangers; and no Wonder they ſhould, ſince theſe

We are ſubject to many natural Evils.

Evils are not the Product of Nature, nor the Reſult of our particular Make, but take their Riſe from a groſs Abuſe of our Faculties, a Perverſion of the Means and Inſtruments of our Happineſs, from Whim, Folly, Caprice, and a vitiated, depraved Imagination.

To Evils, ariſing from the Abuſe of the Paſſions.

How numerous the Train of Wants! What a monſtrous Portion of Woe do we daily heap up to ourſelves, by the Abuſe of our Paſſions, and Appetites! Theſe were beſtowed upon us as the Means to ſupport this Frame, and as the Inſtruments of Pleaſure and Delight to the rational Mind: Yet, how dire the Calamities! and how much Miſery do we create to ourſelves, and all about us, by ſubmitting to their Dictates without the Direction of our Reaſon, and appling them to Purpoſes that Nature never intended them? To this Source, to this Miſ-application of our Faculties, are owing all the Evils that plague Society, all the Wickedneſs, Oppreſſion, and Injuſtice, that diſturb the public Peace of Kingdoms; and all the Jarrs, Feuds, and Animoſities, that imbitter every Enjoyment of domeſtic Life. Monſtrous as theſe Evils are, that flow from this Source, they are in ſome meaſure to be accounted for from rational Principles: We know what is to be expected from the Predominancy of Pride, Malice, Luſt, Anger, Envy,

vy, or Revenge, and may guard ourſelves againſt the Attacks of a Man, under the Dominion of all, or any of theſe Fiend-like Habits or Affections; but there is a Species of Evil to which Man is ſubject, that we can, with Difficulty, trace to any Source, againſt the Effects of which its impoſſible to have any Guard, as the Agent is governed by no Principle, but actuated by Whim, Caprice, and a vitiated Imagination.

Evils ariſing from Whim and Caprice.

All other Ills have their Foundation in Nature, are in ſome Degree real; but Man, induſtrious in finding out new Ways to plague himſelf and Society, has found out a Source of Misfortunes purely imaginary, a Train of Miſchiefs, which though they have no Exiſtence in themſelves, are only the Creatures of his Brain; yet by his Management are pregnant with real Torments, and productive of a more numerous Tribe of Ills, than all others to which he is ſubject as a Man.

How often do we barter real Happineſs for Miſery and Misfortune, to gratify ſome Whim, ſome trifling Caprice, that ſeizes the Fancy, without being able to account to our Underſtanding how ſuch Foibles can in any Degree contribute to our Felicity, and yet we purſue theſe deluding Viſions of the Imagination with the ſame Warmth

and Zeal, as if we had previouſly demonſtrated them the Means of the greateſt Good, 'till fatal Experience has taught us their Folly, and real Miſery has taken Place of our promiſed Joy! But even in theſe whimſical Capricio's, Pleaſure is propoſed, Happineſs is deſigned in the End, or the Means; but how ſhall we account for that Diſpoſition of Mind, that gloomy Habit of the Soul, that delights in Torment, and is anxious to find out Means to baniſh every chearful Thought, that is pleaſed with no preſent Enjoyment, but what increaſes the melancholly Cloud, nor can have any Reliſh to any future Hope, but what the ſick Fancy paints full of Horror and Miſery. This is the unhappy, the unnatural State of the low-ſpirited Perſon. While all Nature is pleaſed with Life, delighted with conſcious Exiſtence, and every Creature, beſides himſelf, is ſteady in Purſuit of that Species and Degree of Happineſs which is ſuitable to its Nature, this gloomy Wretch frets at his Being, and is anxiouſly induſtrious to make it ſuperlatively wretched. He exaggerates every natural Evil to an unſupportable Misfortune, and accumulates the Number of his real Wants by a thouſand others, that are no where exiſtent, but in his diſtempered Imagination.

**The Evils flowing from Low-ſpiritedneſs worſe than all theſe.**

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This unnatural Deformity of the Soul, takes its Riſe from a ſullen, ill-natured Diſpoſition of the Mind, is nouriſhed by Sloth and Indolence, and gains the Force of a ſettled Habit, by weakening the Force of the animal Spirits, and permitting the Blood to thicken, and all the Juices to ſtagnate for Want of proper Exerciſe. When it has arrived at this State, it requires the Uſe of Phyſic, as well as the Exerciſe of Reaſon, to get the better of the ſullen Malady; but even here Reſolution and Perſeverance may conquer its Effects, though with Difficulty. However, when we feel the firſt Approaches of it on the Mind, it is then much eaſier to baniſh it our Thoughts, and it is the Intereſt, the Duty of every Man, that is not wedded to Wretchedneſs, that is not in love with Miſery, to guard againſt its Attacks with the ſame Zeal and Earneſtneſs we would againſt the Appearance of a Peſtilence, or other malignant contagious Diſtemper.

We are more anxious about the Deformities of the Body, than of the Soul.

What ſtrange unthinking Creatures are Men? If our Finger aches, we are alarmed for the Body, are anxious to remove every thing that may hurt or deform the outward Man, and are eaſily perſwaded to undergo any Regimen to reſtore it to its natural Strength and Vigour; yet it requires Rhetoric, Perſwaſion, and Argument to guard againſt the Diſeaſes of the

Soul, and perſwade them to remove thoſe Habits and Affections, that render it miſerable, wretched, and deformed. What nauſeous Draughts, what bitter Potions, and tormenting Operations we undergo, to preſerve a Shape, a Feature, or a worthleſs Limb, that our Bodies may appear delicate and uniform! yet we cannot ſubmit patiently to the Voice of Reaſon, Common-Senſe, or Religion, to purge and cleanſe the Soul, the better, the only valuable Part of us, from the moſt ſhocking Blotches that diſgrace Humanity, ſour all our preſent Enjoyments, and deprive us of every rational Hope of future Felicity. To theſe unhappy Creatures that are under the Dominion of this lazy Malady, Low-Spiritedneſs, it may be needleſs to argue them out of their Fit of melancholly Madneſs; and what can be ſaid, I am afraid, will have but little Influence on them, unleſs in their lucid Intervals of calm Reaſon. But it is to be preſumed a brief Deſcription of the fatal Effects, its Influence upon ourſelves and Society, under the ſeveral Heads it will be treated of, may be of ſome Uſe to thoſe who find a Tendency in their Diſpoſition to that ſullen Habit, and may induce them to guard againſt its Predominancy; and I think it the more neceſſary to take this Pains, as this Diſeaſe is almoſt peculiar to, and epidemical, in this Kingdom, and ſo common amongſt all Ranks of

People,

People, that they ſeem neither alarmed at its Approaches, nor aſhamed to own themſelves Slaves to this baſe Diſpoſition of Mind, though I am convinced, if moſt of its Votaries, eſpecially the politer Sort of Mankind, who are moſt fond of acknowleging its Dominion, were ſenſible of its horrid Deformity, and the monſtrous Effects it is capable of producing, that they would be as much aſhamed and afraid to own that they were low-ſpirited, as that they had the Plague, or any other nauſeous Malady.

Low Spiritedneſs ſteals upon the Mind.

But this dreadful Evil deſerves a greater Share of our Attention, that though it has all the Conſequences, and much worſe than the moſt dreadful Diſeaſe; yet it makes its Approaches on the Mind, under no ſuch frightful Appearances, it attacks us under the Diſguiſe of a pleaſing lazy Indolence, and ſteals upon us by ſlow and inſenſible Degrees, changes the Habit of the Mind ſo artfully, that we are not ſenſible of the Alteration, till it has got ſo ſtrong a Footing in the Diſpoſition, that it requires the ſtrongeſt Efforts of our Reaſon to conquer it.

Some are ſubject to it from their Conſtitution

In ſome, this fatal Diſpoſition is born with them, they have received the Taint from their Parents or Nurſes: Their Juices are thick and milky, their animal Spirits ſmall, in Pro-

portion to the heavy Matter they are to move, and the Fluids flow ſlow and ſluggiſhly through their Veſſels, being mixed with much Phlegm and hot bilious Humours. Melancholly is natural to ſuch a Habit of Body, and if Care is not taken by the Parents to alter the State of the Fluids as much as they can, by proper Phyſic, while they are Children, and great Care taken by themſelves, when grown to adult Years, to guard againſt the Force of Habit being joined to the natural Tendency of their Conſtitution, they may expect the worſt, the moſt fatal Conſequence.

THIS Conſideration, that the conſtitutional Maladies of the Parent are communicated to their Poſterity, ought to make every wiſe Man cautious, how he ſtrengthens the Taint in his own Diſpoſition, by matching with a Woman labouring under any Degree of this melancholly Diſorder. It is more than ſufficient to make the Offspring unhappy, that one of the Parents is inclinable to Low-Spiritedneſs; but its Miſery is inevitable, if both have the Seeds of that Diſeaſe in their Conſtitution. I have, within my own Memory, ſeen a melancholly Inſtance of the Neglect of this Caution: A Gentleman, naturally of a melancholly Diſpoſition, and threatened by every Symptom of a Low-Spirited Habit, tempted by a conſiderable Fortune, that Bane of conju-

An Inſtance of the fatal Effects of a Low-Spirited Match.

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jugal Felicity, matched with a Lady, who, to a languid and melancholly Caſt of Mind, flowing from Temperament, had joined all the modiſh Affectation of Vapours, Hippo, and Spleen, 'till Hyſtericks and Low-Spiritedneſs had deprived her of every Reliſh of Life. Their melancholly Union was the Spring of a moſt tormenting Scene to themſelves; their mutual Ailments were the only Subject of their Converſation; and they each expected from the other more Sympathy and Compaſſion than the Sullenneſs of their Tempers could afford. This begot wrangling about which of them ſuffered moſt, 'till their Debates on this very dubious Point, produced firſt Contempt, and then an utter Averſion on both Sides. Had the Misfortune ſtopped here, their Jars and Diſcord might juſtly be looked upon as a Puniſhment of their mercenary Nuptials; but their innocent Offspring bore the greateſt Weight of the Sin of their Parents: They had ſix Children, all of whom lived to Man's Eſtate; their eldeſt Son, and Heir, is melancholly mad, and confined to a Mad-houſe not many Miles from London; their Second ſhot himſelf, on a very ſlight Diſappointment in an Amour he had engaged in with a young Lady in his Neighbourhood; their Third is not ſo far gone in Melancholly as his eldeſt Brother, but has all the Symptoms of the ſame diſmal State: They had

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three Daughters, one of whom when big with Child, fell down in a violent Fit of Hyſterics, by which Fall ſhe received a Hurt that occaſioned an Abortion, and her Death in three Days after; another married a Tradeſman of Briſtol, then in very good Circumſtances, but his Wife fell in with the Methodiſts, neglected her Shop and Family-Buſineſs, and by that, and her Bounty to the Preacher that fed her Enthuſiaſm, ſhe has found Means to reduce her Huſband to Bankruptcy, which neither her Prudence nor boaſted Piety enables her to bear with any Degree of Patience, or Moderation; the youngeſt is ſtill unmarried, but ſo bewitched by Whitfield, and the reſt of that canting Tribe, that there is very little Hope of her making any Man happy by Marriage, or that the melancholly gloomy Cloud that occupies her whole Temper, will permit her to reliſh any true Felicity herſelf.

I mention this Family as an Inſtance, amongſt a Thouſand others, where the Miſery of Children has been owing to the ill-judged Union of their Parents, perhaps the Children of either of theſe unhappy Pair, might have been conſtitutionally Low-Spirited, had they matched ſeparately; but I think it morally, if not phyſically certain, that if each of them had made Choice of a Partner for Life, free from the Influence

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of this dark and diſmal Habit of Mind, the Offspring of both had a much better Chance to have eſcaped the Miſeries that attended the Iſſue of this Marriage.

THERE are others who are not ſo unfortunate to be born with any Tendency to the melancholly Affection; but permit it to grow upon them by Sloth and Indolence. A Habit of Idleneſs and Lazineſs, once contracted, has all the Effects of a natural Diſpoſition; for if the Fluids are not kept in due and conſtant Exerciſe, they naturally thicken, and become too heavy and ſluggiſh to be moved by the animal Spirits, and theſe too, by Degrees, loſe their Tone and active Force, and then the unhappy Patient, having the Craſſis of the Blood altered, Bile, Phlegm, and melancholly Humours are generated in large Quantities, and he becomes, in all Reſpects, in the ſame Situation as if he had been born in that miſerable State.

Others indulge it by Sloth and Idleneſs.

MEN of ſedantry Lives are apteſt to fall into this Diſpoſition, eſpecially if the Change from an active, to a penſive, ſtudious Life, is ſudden, and of long Duration; and we find, accordingly, more Gown Men affected with this Diſorder, than any other Set of Men; and to them it is the greateſt Scandal; for as Knowledge

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ought to be the Motive of their Studies, it is a Demonſtration, if they permit this Diſeaſe to gain upon their Conſtitution, that they have neglected the moſt uſeful Part of it, the Knowledge of themſelves, the Paſſions, and the Force and Influence of Habit upon both Body and Mind. A thorough Knowledge of theſe, to which all Science ought to point, muſt inform them, that too intenſe an Application naturally dulls the mental Powers; that Exerciſe and Recreation is as neceſſary for the Mind as the Body; and that one Hour's Application, when the Mind is chearful, all the Faculties allert, and all our Organs in due Tone and Vigour, makes greater Progreſs, even in the moſt abſtracted Branches of Literature, than a whole Month of ſleepy Study, when the Body is fatigued, and the Mind ſtupified with too much Thought. I have known ſeveral whoſe Genius were equal to the moſt exalted Knowlege, and might have been an Honour, even to Humanity, loſe themſelves in a Labyrinth of Study, and grow ſtupid by an inordinate Itch after Knowledge. I have known Men whoſe Minds were ſtored with all the Riches of human Literature, yet by conſtantly poring upon Books, and neglecting Exerciſe and Reſt, unable to taſte any Felicity from their boundleſs Science, or to communicate one Grain of Happineſs to others, out of all their Magazine of laborious Knowledge, whoſe

Studious and ſedantry People moſt expoſed to this Diſorder.

whoſe Converſation was inſipid, and whoſe old Age was ſoured alternately with the Gout, and the Horrors of the Hippo and Spleen. Strange Perverſion of Science! to be ſo much abſorb'd in the Means, as to loſe all Sight of the End. To what End all our unwearied Search after Knowledge? Is it merely to know, to gape, and wonder like the Crowd, that we ſit up Night and Day to inveſtigate hidden Truths, and explore the ſecret Wonders of Nature? Surely it is not: It muſt be to provide for our own Felicity, and to communicate Happineſs to others. This muſt be the End of Study, and the true and rational Uſe of Science. How is this conſiſtent with the Deſtruction of our Health, and benumbing with inordinate Application all the Powers of the Mind, with ſouring all our own Enjoyments, and rendering our ſelves incapable of profiting others by our Knowledge and Example. For they can learn nothing from ſuch Men, unleſs it is to contract an Averſion to Books and Literature; ſince the only Fruits their greateſt Admirers can boaſt of, is the Curſe of Melancholly and Low-Spiritedneſs.

Thoſe who permit this ſullen Habit to grow upon them, in this Manner, muſt have very dreadful Apprehenſions, ſince they are anſwerable for all its Conſequences: Whereas thoſe that are born with it have

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ſome alleviating Plea; but both are inexcuſable, if when they have diſcerned a Diſpoſition towards it, they do not uſe their utmoſt Efforts to check its Progreſs, and prevents its arriving at the laſt and fatal Stage of it.

Others acquire by Grief, for Loſſes, &c.

THERE are others that fall into this State of Mind by the Force of Diſappointments, Croſſes, unlucky Accidents in Life, and indulging too long a poignant Grief for ſome affecting Misfortune. Grief and Sorrow, if indulged, naturally produce this Low-Spiritedneſs, and as it attacks us under ſome Shew of Reaſon, or at leaſt an amiable innocent Weakneſs, is more than any Thing elſe to be attended to, not only as it is a very common Excuſe, and that moſt People, at ſome time or other, have Cauſe, as they apprehend, to indulge on this Account, this melancholly Diſpoſition, but becauſe of all others it makes the quickeſt Advances towards the worſt Stage of this dark Diſtemper.

Grief, its Effects accounted for.

THE Effects of Grief upon the Mind is attempted to be mechanically accounted for in this Manner. We ſuppoſe, on the News of ſome great Loſs, the Death, Agonies, or Sufferings of ſome near and dear Friend, that the Soul is ſo much ſhock'd, that the animal Spirits are called in great Quantities to the Cenſorium, which is in a Manner

Manner overwhelmed. This produces Faintings, Swoonings, Convulſions, and even Death itſelf, either by a violent Hurry of the Blood to the Heart, (which, according to the Degrees, terminates either in Swoonings or immediate Death) or of the Spirits to the Brain, which ends in Convulſions, or Madneſs. All theſe Effects are produced by the Imagination, ſtrongly moved with the mournful Object, or melancholly Relation, working upon the arterial Blood and Spirits, and diſordering the whole Frame of the human Machine: But this is not Grief, but the firſt Step towards it; for either the Soul, by the Force of Reflection, rouſes from the Shock, and diſperſes the crowded Spirits to their proper Stations and Channels, or the Phyſician, by proper Revulſions, directs and aſſiſts them in reſuming their former Place and Tone. But they cannot recover their former Courſe ſo quickly. They return by the common Laws of their own Gravity, and the Mechaniſm of the Veſſels, through which they are to paſs without any Violence; whereas they were protruded into their preſent State by a foreign and ſuperior Force, that increaſed the Velocity of their Egreſs beyond that of their Regreſs, in a very great Degree. But leaſt the Brain or Heart ſhould ſuffer by the ſlow Retreat of the Blood and Spirits, on ſuch Occaſions, Nature, indulgent to our Wants, has provided

vided Flood-gates, opened, to detach Part of them by the Canals of the Eyes, and has taught us to accelerate their Motion by Sighs, Groans, and Cries, till the Soul is relieved from its former Agonies and Preſſure. The Mind from theſe Recourſes finds Relief from Pain, which is the only Idea we have of Pleaſure, and muſt feel Satisfaction in them, and conſequently indulge them as long as the Idea of the Object that gave it Pain remains upon the Mind. As that Impreſſion wears off, the Humours take their wonted Channel, and our Sorrows ceaſe; but it often happens, which is the Reaſon of my entering thus far into the Nature of Grief, that the firſt Impreſſions of Sorrow have been ſo ſtrong, that the Soul aſſumes Grief for a Habit, and the Spirits and Blood have been ſo long accuſtomed to flow in that dark Channel, that they take up their Station there, and being aſſiſted by a more plentiful Secretion of heavy Humours, the Craſſis of the Blood is quite altered, the animal Spirits are leſs in Quantity, and leſs active in their Motion, a ſullen Gloom occupies the whole Man, and becomes his natural Diſpoſition.

Instances of this Sort are almoſt innumerable, and as the Temptation is ſtrong and we are guided by a Sort of Impulſe to grieve for Loſſes, that either affect us or our Friends, we ought to arm ourſelves again

againſt it with the greateſt Reſolution, and, if poſſible, to keep our Minds in a kind of Equilibrio, as to all earthly Enjoyments. The Fruitleſſneſs of our Sorrow, for Events that we could not foreſee, or, if foreſeen, that we could not prevent, is an Argument, that, though abundantly reaſonable, has very ſeldom any Weight, when we are in the Paroxiſm of Woe, nor, perhaps, will Arguments, drawn from the Conſequences that may attend indulging this Habit, be of greater Force, if offered in the firſt Moments of our Anguiſh; but when that is a little abated, ſure the fatal Example of the Miſery and Deſpair that an unreaſonable Grief has brought upon others, in like Circumſtances, ought to awaken our Attention, and draw us from the melancholly Scene. And with ſuch as do not actually feel theſe affecting Loſſes, it ought to put them upon arming their Minds againſt ſuch Shocks, that they may be able to bear the Calamities, to which all Mortals are expoſed, with Firmneſs and Temper, and prevent their ſuffering much greater Miſery, as the Conſequence of their inordinate grieving, than thoſe very Wants that firſt gave Birth to their Grief; which is a Thing that very often happens, as a particular Method in the Diſpenſation of Providence to humble our proud Hearts, and teach us to bear patiently our preſent Sufferings, as long as it is poſſible for us to have more and greater

An Inſtance of the Effects of ill-judged Sorrow.

Cauſe of Grief. Had an unhappy Tradeſman who lived ſome Years ago in great Proſperity, not far from Bow-Church, allowed his Mind to have been early impreſs'd with this Thought, that Man can live under the Preſſure of no Calamity, but what it has been the Lot of others to ſuffer, and is in the Power of the ſovereign Diſpenſer of all Things to accumulate with yet greater Woes, he might have ſtill, for any thing we know to the contrary, been flouriſhing in Wealth and Eaſe, and his now ſtarving Offspring in Proſperity and Affluence.

This unhappy Man was bleſſed with great Succeſs in Trade, happy in his Friends and Family, but he juſtly placed his ſuperior Felicity in the tender Endearments and Converſation of an affectionate Wife: Their conjugal Union was bleſſed with a numerous Iſſue of promiſing Children, that promiſed their happy Parents a Continuance of that Scene of Happineſs to lateſt Poſterity. In the Midſt of this Flow of Temporal Felicity, the Wife was taken off by a malignant Fever in a few Days; the unhappy Huſband felt the firſt Shock of Fortune, as if all Nature had been inverted, and nothing leſs than the Diſſolution of the Univerſe had been to follow the Death of his Wife: His Grief was heightened by the Manner he received the News of her Death,

for

for he had been abſent when ſhe was taken ill, and heard nothing of his Misfortune, 'till on his Return he entered her Chamber, and ſaw her a Corpſe, having but juſt expired. This unexpected Sight, inſtead of the fond Endearments he expected, and always met with, on his Return from his little Journey, deprived him for ſome Moments of all Signs of Life; and when, by the Force of Medicine, he was brought to himſelf, how melancholly his Wailings, and how poignant his Sorrow! He thought it impoſſible that any thing more cruel could happen to him, or his Family, and by endulging the deſpairing Thought, he ſoon grew melancholly mad, was obliged to be confined to his Apartment, as utterly incapable of all Manner of Buſineſs. Thus his Children were deprived of both their Parents at once, and the Wealth their Father's Induſtry had already provided for them, was quickly taken out of Trade, and ſquandered by a worthleſs Uncle, who had taken upon him the Guardianſhip of the Orphan-family. Their Means gone, ſome of them are reduced to live upon the Pariſh, and the reſt, that are grown up, to earn their Bread in the moſt ſervile Offices of Life, though their younger Hopes were juſtly raiſed to as much Affluence as any Tradeſmen's Children in this flouriſhing Metropolis. As to the ſudden Effect, the Sight of a much-deſerving and much-loved

dead Wife, might have upon the Mind, that the unhappy Huſband was not accountable for; but when he became ſo much Maſter of himſelf, as to make Uſe of Reflection, his Error was, in not obſerving that Providence, though ſhe had chaſtiſed him, by robbing him of this Idol of his Soul, yet had not left him without many Comforts, to which infinite Numbers of his Neighbours were Strangers. Religion, as well as Reaſon, and a prudent Regard for his Infant-children, ought to have rouſed him from this Sorrow, and enduced him to guard againſt the Havock, that a Continuance in that State made in his Mind and Family.

When ſuch Loſſes afflict us, it requires our utmoſt Efforts to ſupport the Mind in Steadineſs and Tranquility; but as all Men are expoſed to Croſſes; as Diſappointments, Loſſes, and Vexations, are the Lot of all the Sons of Men, next to a religious Dependance on, and frequent Recourſe to divine Providence, there is no better Preſervation againſt the Influence of Sorrow on the Mind, than to accuſtom it frequently to ruminate on Misfortunes, and to be in a Kind of conſtant Expectation of the Worſt that may happen; and for this Reaſon to moderate our Affections, and keep our Eſteem for every temporal Concern within due Bounds; for though our Enjoyments are never equal

to

to our Hopes, yet our Sorrow and Vexation for Loſſes, and Diſappointments, bears an exact Proportion to the Value we put on the Poſſeſſion of any thing.

WHETHER this mental Malady is natural to our Diſpoſition, acquired by a lazy Indulgence, or aſſumed, as the Conſequence and Effect of an unreaſonable Sorrow, its Progreſs and Advances upon the Mind are generally the ſame, differing only in Quickneſs and Degree, according to the Heat or Craſſis of the Blood. When it has gained its firſt Aſcendancy, we find ourſelves attacked by

Its Progreſs generally the ſame.

*A certain Reſtleſſneſs, and great Anxiety of Mind.*

Its firſt Conſequence Reſtleſſneſs, and Anxiety.

WE are puzzled and perplexed in our Underſtandings, our Ideas and Conceptions of things are confuſed, our Concluſions uncertain, and our Reſolves fluctuating; we are uneaſy we know not why, and anxious about we know not what; every thing about us ſeems out of Order, nothing happens as we would have it, and yet for our Souls we cannot aſſign a Reaſon for our Diſtaſte, or give any rational Account of our Diſguſt; we are ſad, heavy, reſtleſs, and diſſatisfied, without any Cauſe viſible to others, or any Motive that ought to have any Weight with ourſelves. Grave

Company augments our Spleen, but good Humour gives a horrible Uneaſineſs; we are mad to find any thing in the Creation bear the Face of Mirth, Chearfulneſs, or Jollity. The Weather ſhould ſeem clouded, the Sun ſhould ſhrowd himſelf behind a Cloud, and all Nature in Complaiſance to our Spleen ought to wear a Face of Sorrow and Sadneſs; yet if they do, we fret at the dull Scene, wiſh it changed for ſomething elſe, to which our lazy Imagination has as yet aſſigned no Form or Shape. We fly into Company for Relief, but find no Comfort there; we ſeek Peace in Solitude, but there the dark Phantoms of our ſickly Fancy haunt our Imagination, and make it worſe than the worſt of Company. In ſhort, we muſt, to be eaſy, fly from ourſelves; for wherever we go, we carry about in our Boſom the Poiſon that burns us, and hugs internally the Viper that preys upon our Vitals.

**Leonora's Caſe.**

How chearful, how gay, and entertaining, was the charming Leonora, before her late Indiſpoſition, and the Lazineſs indulged, during her aguiſh Diſorder, threw her into Vapours and Spleen, which ſhe thought ſo faſhionable, and added ſo many new Charms to her Beauty, that ſhe indulged the indolent Foible, 'till ſhe is become a Burthen to herſelf, and the Jeſt of all about her; yet, though in every thing elſe ſhe has

has Abundance of Wit and Judgment, ſhe has not the Senſe to diſcern the ridiculous Figure ſhe makes in the Eyes of her Acquaintance, and that even the Apothecary, who is getting rich with her Folly, can with Difficulty forbear laughing in her Face, while ſhe is endeavouring to deſcribe the indeſcribable Pain ſhe feels, ſhe knows not where: And though he has hinted to her, that all that is neceſſary to be well, is, that ſhe ſhould reſolve upon it, and that Exerciſe is better than all the Drugs in his Shop, yet ſhe won't underſtand her own Intereſt, nor has Reſolution enough to free herſelf from the lazy Malady.

THIS is but the firſt Step, before the Diſeaſe is yet formed into Shape; but when we have for ſome Time tortured ourſelves, without being able to gueſs at the Source of our Diſquiet, we look about us, and are glad to catch at any Excuſe, at any Subject to feed and exerciſe our Spleen, our Neighbours feels the firſt Brunt: We find ourſelves ſeized with

*An unaccountable Diſſatisfaction at the Happineſs of others,*

Diſguſt at the Happineſs of others.

AS we find Peace, Comfort, and Happineſs fled from our own Boſoms, our Hearts now replete with black, envious Juices, repines at the Felicity of others. We would

have every Body, nay all Mankind, as miſerable as ourſelves, and are at Variance with every Perſon that does not confeſs the ſame wretched State of Mind. If we ſee our Neighbour in Health we wiſh him ſick, we fancy the Chearfulneſs of his Countenance is an Affront to our Spleen, and we would be rejoiced, if any thing could give Joy to our gloomy Mind, to ſee him in the Agonies of Death, or ſuffering the Torture of the Rack. If he is proſperous in the World, our Chagrin knows no Bounds, we hunt about with ingenious Malice to leſſen his Reputation, ſully his Character, and do all in our Power to ſour his Quiet and diſturb his Peace, that we may afford him Grounds to be as wretched, as miſerable, and diſcontented as ourſelves.

Character of Euphæmia and Charlotte.

What Havock in the moſt tender Bonds of Friendſhip! What Devaſtation in the Peace of private Families, has not this ill-natured Diſpoſition produced! The Friendſhip, and ſoft Amity, between Euphæmia and Charlotte, was the Subject of every one's Admiration in the Neighbourhood, and united, in one common Bond of ſocial Union, all their Kindred, Relations, and Acquaintance; but how diſmal the Reverſe, when this ſullen Dæmon of Vapours, and Low-Spiritedneſs, firſt ſowed the Seeds of Diſcord between this amiable Pair. Charlotte

lotte in a Viſit ſhe made to a Court-bred Lady, lately ſettled within a few Miles of her Brother's Seat, ſaw ſo many Charms in the affected Diſhabille, in the vaporiſh Languor of her Eye, and ſuch commanding Reſpect in the indolent Grandeur of this Lady's feigned Illneſs, that poor Charlotte became aſhamed of being in Health, and took an intolerable Pique at her lovely Friend Euphæmia, who would, out of pure Good-nature, have rallied her out of her faſhionable Foible. Euphæmia attributed the ſplenetic Behaviour of her Friend to ſome Part of the neceſſary Ceremonial of this aſſumed Malady, and could not perſwade herſelf, that any Circumſtance in Life could ruffle the tender Friendſhip they had entertained for each other, ſhe dropped turning her Friend's Illneſs into Ridicule, and gave a patient Hearing to all her whimſical Complaints; but as ſhe was naturally chearful, ſhe could not, for her Life, enter ſo much into Charlotte's imaginary Illneſs, as to check the natural Gaiety and Good-humour of her own Converſation. This Charlotte called want of Sympathy, inſulting her Illneſs, and, from being piqued, conceived an utter Averſion to Euphæmia, and took the helliſh Reſolution to do ſomething that ſhould ſpoil that Lady's chearful Diſpoſition, and render her as much moped and unhappy as herſelf. As in their former Friendſhip they had kept no

Reſerve,

Reſerve, ſo Charlotte was Miſtreſs of ſome Secrets, which ſhe maliciouſly blabbed, and ſowed Diſcord between her and her neareſt Relations. She did not ſtop here, but by a forged Tale, whiſpered to Euphæmia's Brother, a Quarrel enſued between him and a young gentleman of great Merit, who was in a Manner contracted to the now unhappy Euphæmia, in which they were both mortally wounded, and both died within a few Days, having firſt learned that the Grounds of their Diſpute had no other Foundation but Charlotte's Spleen and Malice at the chearful Happineſs of her Friend Euphæmia, who had now real Cauſe of Sorrow, with which ſhe allowed herſelf to be ſo much affected, that Exceſs of Grief threw her into a lingering Conſumption, of which ſhe died in about eighteen Months.

What a fiend-like Spirit is this! that can neither reliſh Happineſs itſelf, nor have any Taſte of Satisfaction, but what reſults from the Miſery of others? And yet this is the ſecond Stage of the low-ſpirited Man. There is no Man, however, ſo little attacked with this diſmal Diſeaſe, but more or leſs, in Proportion to the Aſcendancy it has got over his Mind, finds himſelf repining, diſpleaſed, and diſſatisfied with the Happineſs of others, and, if indulged, he may be aſſured, as much as he can depend upon

upon the Union of natural Cauſes and Effects, that, at laſt, however Good-naturedly diſpoſed he may have been formerly, he becomes malicious, envious, and ſpiteful to the higheſt Degree. How much more than a Peſt is this Diſpoſition to be ſhunned?

In the End grows envious and malicious.

As the ſullen, ſulky, low-ſpirited Man, is conſtantly in queſt of new Subjects to torment himſelf, and as Objects multiply in Proportion as the Diſeaſe advances towards it Height, ſo now his Neighbours are not often enough happy to furniſh Matter for his Spleen and Malice; but he is contented, in theſe Intervals, to find new Cauſe of Chagrin at Home: All of a ſudden, he is, though otherwiſe in a perfect State of Health, aſſaulted by a whole Poſſe

## *Of imaginary Ailments of Body.*

Imaginary Ailments.

I call theſe imaginary Ailments, not that the unhappy Patient does not feel excruciating Pain; I believe they do, and ſuffer more when the Diſtemper has arrived at this Stage, than others do in the moſt racking Fits of the Gout and Stone; but it is all the Work of powerful, melancholly Imagination, working upon the Blood and Spirits, and producing theſe ſtrange Effects: If the unhappy Sufferer has much Bile and black Humour in his Conſtitution, he falls into

into the moſt deplorable Species of a Delirium, that of melancholly Madneſs. If theſe Humours are in leſs Quantity, but the Juices ſizy and ſlow in their Motion, he falls into a more ridiculous Phrenzy; he fancies a thouſand Abſurdities, that though they frequently create us Mirth, as when Pope ſays,

" Men prove with Child, as powerful
" Fancy works,
" And Maids turn'd Bottles, call aloud
" for Corks."

Yet they really merit our greateſt Compaſſion; for they actually feel all they imagine, with a thouſand Horrors and Anxieties that haunt their Minds, to which our Language can afford no Name. The Imagination not only fixes real torturing Pain in all their Limbs, and gives Birth to innumerable Diſeaſes, known, felt, and underſtood, only by themſelves; but under all theſe Complaints, their Diſcontent of Mind, their anxious, hopeleſs, ſoul-terrifying Fears accumulate the dreadful Weight of their Anguiſh beyond mortal Apprehenſion. What a dreadful Thing it is to feel all the Tortures of the Rack, to be in dreadful Expectation of the moſt diſmal Diſſolution? A Diſſolution! without one Glimpſe of Hope, one Dawn of Joy, or one chearful Ray of Comfort, to light them

through

through the dark, the horrible Region of Death, whoſe gloomy Terrors their ſick Fancy has exaggerated beyond all Deſcription, and is conſtantly preſent to their ever wakeful Imagination. The Horrors of this State are too violent to laſt, they are ſeized by periodical Fits, and in the Intervals their Underſtanding is ſo bewildered, and their mental Powers and Faculties ſo weakened, that they can find no Comfort in calm Reaſon, or any Peace from the Exerciſe of Reflection. Religion to ſuch Minds is generally their favourite Theme, but from it they can draw no Balm to heal their wounded Soul. Its chearful Influence on all the Reſt of the Sons of Men, is loſt upon, and an utter Stranger to, their unſettled Minds; for now they are perplexed

*With Doubts, Scruples, and Unſettledneſs in religious Principles.*

Doubts and Scruples in Religion.

RELIGION is ſo natural to the Mind of Man, that however its Dictates may be ſmothered for ſome time in Senſe and Appetite, yet, in Time of Adverſity, when the Soul is oppreſſed with Care, and the Body with Torments, we fly to that as an Aſylum, as a Place of Refuge, a ſure and never-failing Antidote againſt all the Miſchiefs and Misfortunes that can happen to us: And a Man of ſound Reaſon and Underſtanding,

derſtanding, impreſſed with the Notions of a rational Religion, muſt find it there, or no where elſe. But, alas! the low-ſpirited Man cannot poſſibly find this Comfort from it: He flies, it is true, like others, to Religion; but it is to a Religion framed according to the prevailing Capricio's of his diſtempered Imagination; it is not the Religion of Nature; that would ſpeak Peace to his Soul, and calm his reaſonable Apprehenſions; but it is the Religion of an Enthuſiaſt, the Dreams, the Reveries of a Madman, he has dreſſed up in all the Pomp and outward Shew of reaſonable Worſhip and Adoration. But he is not happy even in a Religion of his own making, of his own chuſing, but toſſed about by every Wind of Doctrine, catches like a ſinking Man at every Straw, and makes the Tour of all the abſurd Doctrines that have been thought of in all Ages, by his Brethren Fools and Mad-men: He is zealous, nay a Bigot, for the Moment the Whim takes him to believe any Doctrine, and would make all about him believe he had at laſt hit upon the right Way, and there dropped his Sheet-anchor; but the next Wind makes Ship-wreck of his Reaſon and Reſolution, and he veers about to another Point of the Compaſs, diametrically oppoſite to that he was lately ſo fond of. Every poſſible Doubt ſtaggers his Faith, and puzzles his Underſtanding; he expects Demon-

Receives no Comfort in Religion.

Demonſtration in every Thing, but is ſo unhappy as to be blind and deaf to its Influence, when he hears it.

Character of a wandering Clergyman.

To this unhappy Diſpoſition may be aſcribed the ridiculous Figure a certain Rev. Clergyman makes in Life: He has Learning ſufficient to give Luſtre and Advantage to his natural Genius; which, in his younger Days, was obſerved to be ſuch, as gave his Friends juſt Reaſon to hope that he would be an Honour to his Family, and to the Seminary where he ſtudied; but as he had naturally a good deal of Melancholly in his Conſtitution, ſo his cloſe Application to Study, without due Exerciſe, ſunk his Spirits into a miſerable State of Languor, and grew upon him ſo much in a few Years, that his Intellects ſeemed to be impaired: He diſputed himſelf firſt out of the Religion he had been educated in, and in the Defence of which he had frequently drawn his Pen; and from thence travelled through all the Errors, Schiſms, and Abſurdities, with which this Iſland, to its great Scandal, abounds. As he has finiſhed the Tour of all the Sects that pretend any Dependance on Scripture and Revelation, ſo after ſtopping a little at the Mad-houſe of Scepticiſm, he has at laſt taken up his Dwelling with Deiſm, and become a powerful Advocate for every Thing that can bring the Scripture and

Chriſtianity

Chriſtianity into Contempt and Ridicule; however, if I can judge of the Man, I have ſome Hopes that the melancholly Humours may bring him once more back to Reaſon, and the true Religion that can alone give Comfort to his wandering Soul.

THIS Unſettledneſs in religious Principles, at laſt ſubſides into unreaſonable Fears about his future State, and, in the End, begets that worſt of all Fears, a Fear, the moſt oppoſite to Religion and common Senſe, viz.

Slaviſh Fear.

## *A ſlaviſh Fear.*

UNDER this Head may be comprehended not only a ſlaviſh Fear in religious Matters, which is the worſt and moſt dangerous Species of Fear, but that ſcandalous Habit, commonly called Cowardice, which is the conſtant, the genuine Effect of Low-Spiritedneſs.

Low-ſpiritedneſs naturally begets Cowardice.

WHEN Captain Modiſh rubs his Forehead, and with an affected apiſh Grin, cries out, "Bleſs my Soul, my Spirits are "quite ſunk, I'm confoundedly low-ſpi-"rited to Day;" the ſilly Creature has not Senſe to reflect upon the Import of the Confeſſion he has made; he cannot for the Soul of him comprehend, that he has owned neither more or leſs, than that he

NOT

is

is, at leaſt for the preſent Time, a rank conſtitutional Coward, and that, in the preſent Diſpoſition of Mind, he would be as much afraid of a drawn Sword, as his Mother was in the laſt Month of her Pregnancy of him. What a charming Recommendation this would be to the Eſteem of Mankind, were it generally underſtood in this Senſe? And yet ſuch a Declaration, if it has any Meaning, or any Truth in it, can be underſtood in no other Senſe, without the greateſt Rape upon Words, that poſſibly can be imagined.

The Nature of Courage.

A MAN of true rational Courage can never be low-ſpirited, nor is it poſſible to exerciſe it in that Diſpoſition. In every Act of Courage, the Soul, the reaſoning Faculty, and all the mental Powers, muſt be full awake. They muſt be under no Stupor, or lazy, languid Habit; but the Mind, collected in itſelf, muſt be capable of judging the Nature and Degree of the approaching Danger; and the Reaſon and Judgment ready and capable to determine the proper Means of Defence, and all the Faculties alert to take their Part in the Enterprize. But the low-ſpirited Creature, on the leaſt Appearance of Danger, is all in a Flutter, Reaſon bewildered, the Soul, and all its Faculties, as only half awake, can judge of nothing really as it is; but frightened out of its Wits, ſculks meanly

behind the firſt Shelter it can meet with, without being able to uſe the leaſt Means for its Defence and Preſervation. In a Word, the Soul is taken at an unawares, is off its Guard, is utterly incapable to collect its Strength, and turns out that odious, diſgraceful Thing, called a Coward, and by this Diſpoſition being frequently endulged, it gathers the Force of a ſettled Habit, which it's not in the Power of Reaſon to conquer.

It is to be hoped, that however modiſh it may be eſteemed to be low-ſpirited, that when the true Import of the Phraſe, and the real Effect of the Habit is thus explained, to be meer Cowardice, it will be needleſs to uſe more Arguments with the fine Gentlemen of the preſent Age, to lay aſide this modern Malady, this Diſeaſe ſo little known to our brave Anceſtors, and that a Man of Senſe will be as much aſhamed to own himſelf a Slave to that baſe Diſpoſition, as he would to run from his Colours in the Day of Battle, or deſert his Friend in the Time of Danger.

The Ladies Claim to Cowardice examined.

But I am afraid, I ſhall have greater Difficulty to perſwade the Fair Sex, that the natural Tendency of this Diſpoſition to beget and confirm that hated Character, called a Coward, is a proper Argument to induce them to be aſhamed of being low-ſpirited;

ſpirited; ſince amongſt our other Refinements from the Manners and Cuſtoms of our old, unfaſhionable Grandmothers, we have laid it down as a Maxim amongſt the Ladies, that Fear is the Characteriſtic of the Sex, and Cowardice the natural Birthright of a Woman, inſomuch, that if it is the Misfortune of a fine Lady to be born with but one Degree more of Courage than a hunted Hair, ſhe is aſhamed of the maſculine Diſpoſition, conceals it as much as ſhe would a Pimple on her Forehead, and, though in no Meaſure afraid, affects to be frighted, even at her own Shadow, and would no more touch a drawn Sword, though in the harmleſs Hands of her Sweet-heart, than ſhe would a Snake, or ſome other venomous Inſtrument of Death, and affects theſe Airs ſo long, and ſo often, that what ſhe at firſt feigned as a faſhionable Foible, becomes a real Habit of the Soul, to the great Plague of themſelves, and all about them.

THIS Claim to Fear, which the Ladies have ſet up, is rendered ſo ſacred by venerable Cuſtom, that I am perſwaded, that I ſhall be looked upon as a very paradoxical, impertinent Fellow, when I take upon me to aſſert, and ſhall attempt to prove, that Cowardice is as unnatural, almoſt as ſcandalous, and, in ſome Caſes, much more dangerous in its Conſequences in Women,

than in Men; and, of courſe, as it is a manifeſt Blemiſh in the faireſt Part of the Creation, all Lovers of that beautiful Sex ought to join in reſcuing them from the Slavery of that baſe Paſſion, and all Women that love themſelves, and hate a Coward, as I think they all generally do, ought to exert their Reaſon to get rid of that Weakneſs, and to guard againſt every Habit that may beget, ſtrengthen, or confirm that unnatural Diſpoſition, which is certainly criminal in a great Degree, if by our own Indolence, or Whim, we allow it to grow upon us; and of Conſequence, that, as it has been demonſtrated in the Beginning of this Section, that Low-Spiritedneſs is naturally productive of this ſlaviſh Habit, every Woman ought to ſhun and be aſhamed of it, as ſhe would old Age, the Small-Pox, or Uglineſs.

They muſt acknowledge themſelves Fools, or renounce unreaſonable Fears.

The greateſt Advocates for Cowardice in the Fair Sex, will allow, that it is impoſſible for a Man of Senſe to be a Coward; for ſuppoſing him conſtitutionally timerous, his Reaſon and Judgment muſt, in Time, confirm his Temper, and render him rationally brave. For Courage is no more than the Act of a Mind collected in itſelf, exerting its Reaſon in diſcerning the Circumſtances of Things, the Degree of Danger, &c. and poſſeſſed of a juſt Notion of its own Powers to defend itſelf. If its

Powers

Powers are equal to the Danger, it boldly exerts them, and repels Force by Force; but, if unequal, it takes the firſt Opportunity to ſhun the Encounter, and makes a prudent Retreat, without any Imputation of Cowardice. Cowardice is juſt the Reverſe of this; a Perſon that has not Senſe to judge of the Circumſtance of Things, or to form any juſt Notion of its own Powers and Faculties, but runs ſneakingly away on every Appearance of real or fancied Danger, what is this but abſolute Folly? It is the true Definition of a Fool. Who then amongſt the Admirers of the Fair can be ſo ill-manner'd, ſo clowniſhly rude, to ſay, that that beautiful Sex are born Fools, and that Folly is natural to them as Women. Were any of the fine Gentlemen, who humours his Miſtreſs when ſhe ſqualls at a Guſt of Wind in croſſing the Thames to Vaux-hall, or ſcreems out at the Jolting of a Coach going to Ranelagh, to tell her, that ſhe owed that Indulgence to her being a mere Idiot, and that he bore with the impertinent Foible of her affected Fears, becauſe ſhe was really void of Senſe, I apprehend the delicate Lady would find Courage enough to return the ugly Compliment with a Blow on the Beau's Ear; which would ſhow that when ſhe is free from the Impreſſion of her having a Right to be in a Panic without Reaſon, ~~that~~ ſhe

has naturally Courage enough to exert the little Strength ſhe has.

Their Weakneſs is no Plea for Cowardice.

It is falſly urged that the Weakneſs and the Delicacy of the Sex take from them the Reproach of Cowardice, ſince Strength is not a neceſſary Ingredient in rational Courage. A Cock has as much Courage as a Lion, though not endued with one Thouſandth Degree of his Strength; but the Creature, I mean a Cock, has Courage to exert the Powers it is poſſeſſed of, and to engage any thing it judges itſelf Maſter of. Courage has nothing to do with Strength, it is a rational Act of the Mind, exerting its natural Faculties to their proper Uſes; and, in this Senſe, a Woman muſt have Courage in Proportion to her Degree of Senſe, and, as often as ſhe renounces that Character, acknowledges herſelf a Fool: Her Weakneſs gives her a Right, without the Imputation of Cowardice, to run away from a Force ſuperior to her's; but her Plea of Weakneſs of Body has no Weight in eſtabliſhing imaginary Fears, in creating Danger where a Child can ſee none; and as nothing, but the Weakneſs of her Underſtanding, can juſtify it, methinks they ought not to be ſo very fond of the Character of Fool, as to lay claim to it almoſt on every Occaſion. Men muſt admit, and the Ladies would be very angry if they did not admit, that on all other Occaſions they

they betray a Genius equal to ours, if cultivated with the ſame Care. In the Name of Wonder, why then ought they not to avail themſelves of that boaſted Reaſon, at leaſt ſo far as to get rid of imaginary Fears, and the affected Cowardice ſo much in Vogue in this delicate Age; and with what Reaſon can they pretend to deſpiſe Cowardice in us, when they are ſo much in love with the unnatural Monſter in themſelves?

Women are not naturally timorous.

If we take a View of Nature, before Art, Luxury, and Folly, has refined away its natural Powers, we ſhall find, that Women are not naturally ſuch timid, daſtardly Animals, as they are at preſent. Amongſt the Indians in America, the Women have Courage almoſt equal to the Men, being not only utter Strangers to all the weak Foibles of cauſeleſs Fears, but can face real Danger, and defend themſelves with all the Strength they have. This is pure Nature, and, to judge of its real State, we muſt trace her to ſuch Climates, remote from modern Improvements, that inſtead of embelliſhing her, have robbed her of ſome of her moſt valuable Beauties. This leads me to an Obſervation, on which I would found an Argument, that I hope will have conſiderable Weight with my Female Readers. It is this: That from all Knowledge of the World, and all Remarks upon antient and modern Hiſtory, I have always obſerved

obſerved a juſt Proportion between the Courage of the Men and Women of all Nations, that have made any Figure in the World. I would be underſtood to mean, that at whatever Time or Period, or in whatever Place, the Women have been remarkably timorous in their Diſpoſition, that then it might be remarked, that the Men were Slaves, and remarkably cowardly: And, on the contrary, that where the Women have dared to be brave, and have been aſhamed to be Slaves to Fear, that the Men, in ſuch Places, and in ſuch Periods, have been remarkable for heroic Courage, and the moſt exalted Principles of Liberty.

Where the Women are timorous, the Men are Cowards and Slaves, & vice verſa.

THIS is an unwilling, and a very diſagreeable Remark upon the preſent Age; ſince every Man's Experience muſt convince him, that there never was a Period of Time, wherein the Women ſhowed ſo much of this baſe, timid Diſpoſition: I wiſh I could be convinced, that the cowardly Habit has not made an equal Progreſs on the Minds of the greateſt Part of the other Sex. To confirm this Obſervation we need not have Recourſe to antient Hiſtory, though the brighteſt Periods in ancient Hiſtory are full of Inſtances of the Steadineſs of Mind, and the heroic Courage of their Women in Time of imminent Danger; modern Hiſtory is full of Examples, that wherever the Women have been brave, the

Men

Men have been free. The Swedes made the greateſt Figure of any Nation in Europe in the laſt Age, and amongſt them it is well known, that the Ladies were ſo far from putting in their Claim to conſtitutional Cowardice, that Numbers of them concealed their Sex, and followed their glorious King, and his little Army of Heroes, through all the Dangers and Fatigues of War. Amongſt the Nations now in Europe, remarkable for military Virtue, the ſame Spirit is to be traced amongſt their Women; the Ladies of Switzerland dare look upon a Sword without falling into a Swoon, and handle a Muſket without Fits of the Mother. If they could not, they could not bring forth a Nation that make War a Trade, and look upon Courage as a rich Inheritance, that furniſhes them with a Livelihood at the Expence of their more effeminate Neighbours, who dare not truſt themſelves with the Guardianſhip of their Liberty.

Cuſtom amongſt the Highlanders

THOSE who have travelled into the mountainous Parts of the Iſle of Britain, where Luxury and Effeminacy have not ſpread their baneful Taint upon the Minds and Morals of the People, find a Degree of Courage amonſt the Females of thoſe Parts, that would reflect Shame upon many of the Males of a more refined ſouthern Climate. Amongſt the Highlanders it is reckoned

reckoned a Reproach to a Woman, that cannot ſtand the Report of a Gun without ſtarting, or handle a drawn Sword without trembling, inſomuch that if by Accident a Sword is drawn in Company where Women are, eſpecially Women with Child, the Man who draws it, before he puts it up, ſtrikes gently the Head of every Woman preſent. Were he to neglect this Ceremony, he would be reckoned horridly impolite, and the Reaſon given for it is, that touching thus a pregnant Woman, hinders the Child from being a Coward. If this Doctrine were univerſally true, how many Cowards would we have in England, ſince there is not a Mother in ten thouſand, but would faint under the bold Ceremony; but theſe Women bring forth no Cowards, or, if they do, it is not the Mother's Fault, who is aſhamed of nothing ſo much as betraying Fear while ſhe is pregnant, ſince nothing can be a greater Reproach to her, than being Mother to a Coward.

THOUGH the Manners of a barbarous People are not to be imitated in every Reſpect, by a polite Age, yet where their Cuſtoms are founded in Nature, and conſonant to ſound Reaſon, it would be Barbariſm not to adopt them; and, I believe, on Examination, we ſhall find a great deal of Reaſon and prudent Policy, (that is, in a State where Courage is not reckoned a Crime)

Crime) in thus baniſhing unreaſonable Fears, and a Love of Cowardice from the Fair Sex; for it is a phyſical Truth, as evident as the Sun, that the Mother muſt neceſſarily communicate to her Child, whatever Habits and Affections are predominant in her Diſpoſition, at the Time of her Conception and Pregnancy. If Fear, Cowardice, and Low-Spiritedneſs are prevailing Habits, it muſt be a real Miracle if the Child is not a conſtitutional Coward; ought not this Conſideration to alarm all the fine Ladies, who either are, hope, or wiſh to be Mothers, and they muſt be wretched indeed who do not. What a miſerable Shock to their Pride to have their Child branded for a raſcally Coward, and their Memory infamous, by being Mother to a Wretch deſpiſed by, and the Out-caſt of, all Mankind; and yet this they muſt be, if they indulge the Hippo, the Spleen, the Vapours, or Low-Spiritedneſs, or yield themſelves Slaves to that baſe-born Paſſion, Fear, in whatever Shape it aſſaults them.

Would my fair Readers be thought Admirers of Courage in the Men; would they be thought wiſe, to have Wit and Common Senſe; would they deſire to ſee their Country happy at Home, glorious Abroad, and their Enemies humbled; would they deſire to be Wives to the Brave, or do they wiſh for the Bleſſing of all Bleſſings, being

being the happy Mothers of a Race of Patriot-heroes; in a word, would they court the Character of a Britiſh Lady, let them be aſhamed of every vain Fear; let them ſhake off their unnatural, affected Cowardice, and every Habit that has a Tendency that Way; let them dare to be brave, and the Men will and muſt be aſhamed of ſo mean an Affectation, as that of Low-Spiritedneſs, that is productive of ſo baſe a Habit as that of Cowardice.

Of a religious ſlaviſh Fear.

I HAVE hitherto treated Low-Spiritedneſs, as productive only of that Species of ſlaviſh Fear, commonly called Cowardice, I come now to explain its Effects upon our religious Fears, and the dangerous Conſequences of it on our Minds, as Chriſtians and Creatures actuated by a Senſe of Religion and Devotion.

ITS Conſequences, as affecting our natural Courage, are odious to ourſelves, and dangerous to Society, yet its Effects are only temporal; but in the Light we are now to conſider it, it ſtrikes at our Hopes of future Happineſs, and darkens every Gleam of Hope we have of eternal Felicity.

IT is impoſſible for any Man to be truly or rationally religious, without a juſt and adequate Notion of the Deity; that being the Baſis, the firſt Principle of all Religion,

gion, both natural and revealed: But this Knowledge of the Supream Being, and our Relation to him, as his Creatures, it is impoſſible for the low-ſpirited Man to attain. His gloomy, melancholly Apprehenſion paints him with Attributes unknown to the God-head, and ſtates himſelf in a Relation that augments his Horror, and makes him ſhudder at the dreadful Proſpect his ſickly Fancy has repreſented to his heated Imagination.

Of a falſe Notion of the Deity.

He owns himſelf the Creature, but it is the Creature of mere Power, and not the Child of infinite Goodneſs, and ſuperlative Benevolence; he believes in the Supream Being, not as a Father, as the Author of his Being, for his own Happineſs, but as an inexorable, unmerciful, and implacable Deity, ready to execute the moſt dreadful Vengeance upon every natural Failing of his Creatures. What a monſtrous Picture is this, of a Being that expects Worſhip and Adoration! And yet this is the Idol the low-ſpirited melancholly Man adores; his Fears multiplies his Offences, and his gloomy Imagination has ſtripped the Author of his Exiſtence of every amiable Attribute that forms the God-head. The offended Judge is ever preſent to his Eye, and he dares not turn his Mind to his moſt amiable, his moſt adorable Attributes, his Mercy, his Goodneſs, and Beneficence to the

Works

Works of his Hands, whom he has created for their Happineſs, and not to torture them with a miſerable Exiſtence, merely to exerciſe his Power, or gratify his avenging Juſtice.

We are to fear the Almighty, not with a ſlaviſh, but a filial Fear; a Fear to offend againſt his Laws, a Fear to offend againſt Virtue, becauſe Sin is deteſtable in itſelf, and not merely becauſe we dread the Puniſhment his Juſtice exacts, or his Power is capable of inflicting, for ſuch is the Fear of Devils. They know, fear, and tremble, without abating one Ace of their Wickedneſs, lightening their Pains, or advancing one Step nearer Felicity. When we repreſent the Deity to our Mind, in this dreadful Manner, veſted only with Power and Vengeance, we ſtrip him of all Right to our Adoration, or Worſhip; for mere Power, diveſted of Goodneſs and Beneficence, is not, nor cannot, to rational Creatures, appear the Object of Worſhip. It is not becauſe the Supream Being created us, becauſe he has it in his Power to puniſh, or ſpeak us into Nothing, that gives him a Right to our rational Worſhip; but becauſe he beſtowed upon us a Being capable of Felicity, and from a Motive of Beneficence, not meer arbitrary Power, endued us with Powers and Faculties capable, if not wantonly or maliciouſly perverted,

**Mere Power no Object of rational Worſhip.**

of

of attaining to every Degree of Happineſs our Nature is capable of. This is the Foundation of the Worſhip due from rational Creatures to a real Divinity. What Pretence here, what Cauſe for that ſlaviſh Dread, that gloomy Horror that ſcares the low-ſpirited Man, as often as he looks up to his Creator? That Man who worſhips a Being neceſſarily Good, Wiſe, Omnipotent, Merciful, and Beneficient, a Being who created his Creatures only to make them happy, who ſees, knows, and bears with their Weakneſſes, their natural and neceſſary Infirmities, may look up to his heavenly Father with a chearful Heart, may enſure himſelf of his Peace, his Protection, and that Portion of Happineſs he has promiſed to the Juſt: He ſees his Juſtice ſhrowded with Mercy, and merited Vengeance ſtayed by Love and Benevolence; and his grateful Heart, warmed with his Goodneſs, joins the heavenly Choir in ſinging Glory and Honour to the moſt High, to that Being whoſe Throne is founded on Mercy, and whoſe Voice is Peace and Happineſs to all the Works of his Hands. But the low-ſpirited Man, tortured with Dreams and horrid Viſions of a diſtempered Imagination, like Moſes on the Mount, is unable to bear the Glory of the divine Majeſty in this amiable Attitude, cloathed with Mercy and Goodneſs, dares not look his God in the Face, but

delights

delights and feasts his melancholly Fancy with his back Parts, or, if I may use the Expression, the dark, the dismal Side of the Divinity. The Consequences of this slavish Fear, begot on a melancholly Brain, and founded on wrong and mean Conceptions of the Deity, are

Weak and idle Apprehensions.

## *Weak and idle Apprehensions.*

A MAN of this low-spirited Disposition, thus impressed with the Notion of an angry and incensed Deity, creates to himself a thousand Subjects of Uneasiness; he is frightened with Dreams, Omens, and all the melancholly Tales of the Nursery. The meanest Trifles serve to alarm his gloomy Fancy, to augment his Fears, and dash his Hopes of Peace and Happiness. Does the Fumes of Indigestion, or any natural Indisposition of the Body disturb his Rest, or a Vision less chearful than ordinary arise to his sleeping Fancy, he presently concludes some Evil at Hand, some Dæmon ready to destroy his Quiet, or some impending Judgment ready to burst upon his Head. Does a Candle burn blew, a Cat or a Hare cross him in the Highway, a Woman, or a Crow, meet him in the Morning, he loses all Taste of present Enjoyment with Fear of future Ills, gathered from these strange and unnatural Portents. He is ingenious in tormenting himself, and rath-

rather than want an Opportunity of endulging his forboding Tears, he eſtabliſhes to himſelf a Rule of explaining theſe ſilly Obſervations, that put it out of his Power to meet with a lucky Omen, or a chearful Dream; for if the Letter of his Oracle beſpeaks him Bad, he explains it literally; if Good, he unriddles it by the Rule of Contrary; ſo that there is not a Folly of the Imagination, whether ſleeping or waking, or any the leaſt Occurrence in Life, from whence he cannot extract Fuel to feed his Spleen, and a large Share of Miſchief to endulge his melancholy Imagination.

False Judgment on natural Events.

As he believes every the moſt trifling Accident, has its preſent and its future Meaning, ſo there is not a Diſpenſation of Providence, whether common or uncommon, but he explains dogmatically into a judicial Act of the offended Juſtice of the divine Being. He denies all ſettled Order in the Univerſe, and believes all that paſſes to be the immediate interpoſing Hand of the Almighty, diſperſing Judgments without one Grain of Mercy to ſinful Creatures. In ſhort, he believes all other Attributes ſuſpended, and can diſcern the Creator in no other Capacity, but as a ſtern Judge, ſurrounded with Threatenings, Terrors, and dreadful Miracles, puniſhing the ſmalleſt Offence with unrelenting Vengeance.

He has enregiſtered in his melancholy Memory, all the moſt ſhocking and terrible Judgments that have been inflicted on great and profligate Sinners, exaggerates every Circumſtances of their Puniſhments, and with malicious ſelf-torturing Ingenuity eſtabliſhes a Similitude betwixt his own Caſe and theirs; but his ſullen Heart cannot, dare not, call to Remembrance, or take the ſmalleſt Comfort from the many, the almoſt innumerable Inſtances of his Goodneſs, his long-ſuffering Mercy and Patience with Mankind. And when at any time they are forced upon his Mind, he damps their chearful Influence by ſome melancholly Reflection, ſome fancied Peculiarity in his own Caſe, that robs him of the Hope, and deprives him of the Benefit of every Goſpel Promiſe, and of every Priviledge he can expect from the Mercy and Beneficence of his Maker; and, in the End, by mere Force of a melancholy Imagination, he works himſelf up into a mad Fit of Deſpondency, and at laſt into that worſt and moſt dreadful State of abſolute Deſpair of Heaven and Happineſs.

Falls into Deſpondency and Deſpair.

Character of Mrs. B—.

This was the fatal and melancholy Caſe of Mrs. B—— of Devonſhire. I knew that Gentlewoman the Envy of her Neighbourhood, her Happineſs was almoſt proverbial, it was common for her Acquaintance to ſay, "I was as happy and as chearful as

"Mrs.

"Mrs. B——." She was happy in a Man of Senſe, Good-nature, and Complaiſance, for a Huſband, who was doatingly fond of her: Her Circumſtances were affluent, her Children, when I knew her, were moſtly grown up, and ſome of them very happily ſettled in the World, and all of them behaved to her with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Affection. In a Word, ſhe was poſſeſſed of every worldly Felicity, and had ſo juſt Senſe of Religion, as to enjoy them with Chearfulneſs and Moderation, and continued to do ſo, till the Sect of Methodiſts made a Noiſe in the Country. Her hoſpitable Diſpoſition brought her unhappily acquainted with ſome of that melancholy Tribe, and their Converſation ſoon ſoured her Temper, and caſt a Gloom upon the Chearfulneſs of her Diſpoſition; and, in about a Year's Time, they ſtole ſo much upon her Mind, that their enthuſiaſtic Acts of Devotion employed her whole Time, and fixed in her the melancholy Habit.

In this Diſpoſition, they ſoon raiſed Doubts and Scruples about Religion, Doubts they could not ſolve, Devils they could conjure up, but had not the Skill or Addreſs to lay. She conſulted with their Oracles for Relief, but they were Dumb, and only puzzled her Underſtanding. She had Recourſe to long and tedious Prayers, was inceſſantly on her Knees, till her De-

votion impaired her Health, interfered with all the Duties of ſocial Life, and weakened her Intellects, and every Day rendered her leſs capable of feeling or receiving that Comfort, which theſe buſy Medlers had baniſhed from her Soul. Tortured with endleſs Doubts, her rational Faith and Religion totally unhinged, ſhe fell into the fatal State of Deſpondency and Deſpair. She would now ſit for Hours in a Poſture of Devotion, yet unable to utter one Word, as not daring to addreſs the Throne of Grace, even for Mercy, the Gates of which ſhe fancied ſhut againſt her; and at laſt when ſhe could find her Speech, ſhe would ſtart from her Knees, crying out, in the moſt diſmal Tone, "What a Wretch am "I?! I ſee the Gates of Heaven open to "all Men but me, all Mortals can preſs "forward to the Lamb of God, but mi-"ſerable me. I ſee my angry and in-"cenſed Judge, knitting his Brows and "frowning me into Perdition. Look yon-"der are the Miniſters of his Vengeance, "ready to execute his Judgment upon me, "and laugh at my Calamity. I ſee them "pointing to a diſmal Abyſs, foaming "with Fire and Sulphur, yet that is my "Lot and Portion for evermore. Oh! "whither ſhall I fly, where ſhall I hide "myſelf from the Wrath that is to come? "Where receive ſhelter from the fierce "Anger of the Holy One of Iſrael?"

From

From this dismal Soliloquy she would return to her former Silence, and so alternately, till her Distemper grew into settled Madness, out of which there is very little Hopes of her Recovery.

How wretched, how miserable is such a Man's Case, who in the midst of Mercy, in the daily Enjoyment of Health, and many other valuable Blessings, that with loud Voice proclaim the Wisdom, the Goodness, and the Beneficence of a bountiful Creator, shall spurn those Blessings from him, and wantonly torture himself with Evils and fancied Horrors, that have no Existence but in his distemper'd Brain? While this Man lives a Slave to this gloomy Disposition, he feels a Hell within his Bosom, little short of the Torments of that Place of eternal Punishment, which he often braves, as unable to bear the dreadful Pangs of a despairing Conscience, and by laying violent Hands upon himself, plunges into Eternity, into the Presence of that God, his gloomy Fancy has robbed of every Attribute, that can speak Peace to his despairing Soul. This is generally the fatal End, the dreadful Catastrophe of those that have endulged this melancholy low-spirited Disposition. How shocking the Representation, and how void of Reason and Understanding must that Man be, who is not alarmed at every Appearance of this

And in the End into Suicide.

dreadful Evil, and who dares not uſe all the Means in his Power to prevent the Progreſs of a Habit, that is pregnant with ſo many Evils? A Habit that baniſhes Peace, Joy, and every chearful Hope, from the unhappy Poſſeſſor here, and gives him ſo ſmall a Chance for Happineſs hereafter; for nothing but the unſpeakable Mercy of the Almighty, can ſpeak that Man into Bliſs, who in the whole Courſe of his Life has denied the Exiſtence of that Attribute in the Divinity, and by Suicide has renounced all Claim to his Beneficence.

The Conſequences I have mentioned, as attending this fatal Malady are, one would imagine, too intereſting, not to give the Alarm, and awaken the Attention of every reaſonable Creature, and prompt them to uſe every Means to prevent the Growth and Progreſs of this gloomy Habit of the Mind. If Regard to their Peace, Tranquility, and Happineſs here and hereafter, can have no Influence on their Underſtandings, to rouſe them from this Lethargy of the Soul, and make them aſhamed, as well as afraid of a Habit that diſgraces Humanity, They are paſt Hope and without Cure. To thoſe who are willing to avoid this State, and are deſirous to prevent its Progreſs on the Mind, I would

would recommend above all things, Exercise both of Body and Mind. The Soul of Man is naturally active, and all its bodily Powers are correspondent to that Disposition. If they are properly employed, the Soul and mental Powers preserve their Strength and Vigour, and the Organs of Sense their Activity and Delicacy of Sensation, whence, if Laziness, Idleness, and Indolence is indulged, both the one and the other contract, as it were, a Rust, the Juices become thick, and our Sensation so calous, that nothing can move us. If we find a Tendency in our Disposition to this Habit, we ought to employ our Minds in Subjects the most Interesting, that can best attract our Attention, and vary the Subject as often as they begin to tire, 'till the Soul has gained a Habit of abstracted Thinking, upon Subjects removed from the melancholy Cast. This now and then interchanged for moderate Exercise, may keep the mind imployed, and give her a chearful active Turn. All melancholy softening Objects ought to be avoided, especially Music of the melodious Kind; that lulls the Soul into a drowsy Calm, the State of all others to be the most dreaded: But that Species of Music that strikes strong upon the Ear, and rouses the Spirits, ought frequently to be indulged; for I apprehend there is a Force, a Physic in Music judiciously chosen, that might

Exercise and Employment the best Preservation against its Progress.

Sprightly Music may have some Effect.

might cure other Degrees of Madneſs, beſides that of the Bite of Fear.

To moderate Exerciſe and Buſineſs properly adapted to our Genius and Diſpoſition, in order to keep up the Spirits, and keep the mental Powers in Action, we ought to add an exact Temperance in Eating and Drinking; and, in ſome Caſes, even Abſtemiouſneſs in both. The Air we breathe may have great Influence on our Temperament of Mind, and the Heavineſs and Changeableneſs of our Climate, have, no Doubt, great Effects upon our Conſtitution, and theſe it may not be in every Perſons Power to Change; but a proper Regimen of Diet may, in a great Meaſure, prevent its Effects, and enable us to preſerve Health and Spirits, in Climates much more variable and malignant than any we breathe in the Iſland of Britain. Groſs Meats that require a ſtrong Digeſtion, and much Concoction, in ſuch Situations as this Kingdom, generate groſs Humours, thickens the Blood, and weakens the Tone of the animal Spirits; great Quantities of theſe, forced down by the Help of poignant Sauces, and a depraved Appetite, are the Source of moſt Diſeaſes known in this Part of the World, but of none ſo much as Low-Spiritedneſs; which is ſo much peculiar to the Engliſh Nation, that its known all

Temperance a ſovereign Remedy.

all over Europe, by the Name of the Engliſh Diſeaſe.

I CANNOT comprehend, that the Air of this Iſland is ſo much anſwerable for the Growth of this Malady amongſt us, ſince the Damps and Fogs, to which this is generally attributed, are more frequent in Holland, and in ſome other Northern Countries, than with us; yet the Inhabitants are infinitely leſs ſubject to the amphibious Diſorder that affects both Body and Mind than we are: And even in the more northern Parts of this Iſland, and in Ireland, where, eſpecially in the laſt, the Damps are much greater than here, that Diſtemper is very little known amongſt them, and neither here, nor elſewhere, are the lower Claſs of People ſo much afflicted with it, as the politer Sort; from whence I would conclude, that People of Faſhion are ſo much ſubject to it from ſome Error in their Manner of Living. The labouring Man who never eats but to ſatisfy a natural Appetite, never creates a falſe Craving by high-ſeaſoned Sauces, knows no other Reliſher but Hunger, is a Stranger to this genteel Diſeaſe. Labour has braced his Nerves, and ſtrengthened his Sinews, his Stomach not overloaded is capable of performing a regular Concoction; and though his Food, comparitively ſpeaking, is groſs, yet the ſuperior Heat and Strength

of

of his digeſtive Powers, thus bred and ſtrengthened by Labour, converts the whole into laudable Chile: Whereas our Nobility and Gentry, who never have the exquiſite Pleaſure of being Hungry, never eat but with a falſe and forced Appetite, whoſe puny, yet voracious Stomachs are conſtantly overloaded, and all the digeſtive Powers relaxed in their Tone, are curſed with the Fumes of Indigeſtion, and nothing but groſs, raw, and crude Humours generate, that mix with the Maſs of Blood, and diſcover themſelves in a numberleſs Train of acute and chronic Diſeaſes, whoſe very Names, as well as Nature, baffle the Skill of Phyſic, and ſend the unhappy Patient, after a few Years ſpent in Agony, to a hopeleſs Grave. But it is not only Intemperance in Eating, that is the Bane of our polite World; but, as if they had determined that their Aliment ſhould, inſtead of Nouriſhment, produce nothing but Diſeaſes, they have choſen to ratify this luxurious Gluttony, at Times and Seaſons when they are moſt noxious to the human Body. They have changed the Order and Times of their Forefathers, and never eat but when they intend to go to Reſt; and that Time which Nature deſigned to recruit our evaporated Spirits and Strength, is ſpent in vain Attempts of the Stomach to get rid of the monſtrous Load with which ſhe has been crammed, ſo that the digeſtive

Organs

Organs have no Reſt, no Time to recruit, they are in conſtant Exerciſe, 'till they flag all at once, and leave the Patient Low-Spiritedneſs, Gouts, Sciatics, with the whole Tribe of cronic Diſorders, as a Reward for a pampered Palate.

In our neighbouring Country of France, even in that Part of it divided from us only by a narrow Channel, as they live temperately, riſe early, uſe moderate Exerciſe, live upon light Foods that require but little Digeſtion, eat of theſe often, but ſparingly, and never go to Bed with a loaded Stomach; they are chearful and alert in their Diſpoſitions, and utter Strangers to the Engliſh Curſe of Low-Spiritedneſs.

Temperance may not only prevent this Diſorder, but I take ſome Days of Faſting and Abſtenance to be the beſt Phyſic, and beſt Reſtorative to an Engliſh Conſtitution, afflicted with any of the Stages of this melancholy Diſtemper, or indeed with moſt other Diſorders to which we are ſubject; for, I believe, every Man, the leaſt converſant with the animal Œconomy, will acknowledge, that more Diſeaſes flow from Intemperance in Eating, and Indigeſtion, than from all other Cauſes put together, but that Low-Spiritedneſs is the Firſt-born, and ſure Offſpring of Luxury and

and Senſuality, and as Temperance, Exerciſe, and Application to ſome Kind of Buſineſs, is the beſt Specific againſt the Diſeaſe, ſo it ought to be more valued, as it is the cheapeſt Form in the whole Materia Medica. It is the Produce of every Climate, may be gathered under every Hedge, and the Purchaſe of the meaneſt Subject in England; and ſo litte offenſive, ſo far from being nauſeous, that the moſt delicate-palated Lady in the Kingdom may take it without a wry Face, much eaſier, and with infinite leſs Danger, than ſhe can ſwallow a Dram of Citron, or Ratifia.

But having mentioned warm Cordials, a Recourſe that moſt People have in Low-ſpirited Caſes, and a Species of Pharmacy, that has enriched more Apothecaries, killed and ruined more Patients, than all the Diſeaſes mentioned in the moſt ſickly Bill of Mortality, I cannot loſe an Opportunity of cautioning my Reader againſt a Remedy that is, at leaſt, as bad as the Diſeaſe.

Want of Spirits are complained of, the greedy Apothecary immediately recommends a Cordial, ſome Drops, &c. that is, in other Words, a weak Dram. The Patient takes it, and is exhilerated for ſome Moments, by theſe artificial reviving Spirits: The Experiment is repeated, till theſe Cauſtics (for they are nothing elſe in Degree)

gree) has eat off the fine Parts of the Nerves, by often ſtimulating them. Then the Doſe muſt be increaſed, till by their augmented Strength, theſe poiſonous Spirits are enabled to enter a little deeper into the moſt ſenſible Organs of Senſation, and thus from one Step to another, till they have unbraced and debilitated the whole nervous Syſtem, and rendered the Patient a poor, paralite, ſenſeleſs Drunkark, and, at laſt, furniſhes him a painful Paſs into the other World, by the Means of Dropſy, Jaundice, and Conſumption. Thus indeed they are cured of the Diſeaſe of Low-Spiritedneſs, and all others; but it is to be hoped the Specific of Exerciſe and Temperance will be preferred by every wiſe Man, to this ſlow Poiſon. And I could wiſh that Gentlemen of the Faculty of Phyſic, who muſt be ſenſible how eaſy it is to beget the Habit of Draming, and how much it is the Scandal of the preſent Age, would expunge from their Diſpenſatories all ſpirituous Forms of every Denomination, and chuſe for Officinals, ſuch Drugs as yield their Virtues without a ſpirituous Vehicle, and, if poſſible, where they are obliged to make uſe of ſtimulatory Medicines, that they would preſcribe them in dry Forms, at leaſt Tincture or Electuary, or in ſome Shape, that may not put the Patient in Mind of a Dram, or induce him from

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the momentary Relief he may find, and the Authority of a Phyſicians Recipe to habituate himſelf to that baſe Vice of Drinking and Tipling.

*F I N I S.*